San Rafael, California January 2, 1923 Samuel A. Moffett

Dear Jamie:

Happy New Year to you. Enclosed please find draft for 200^{00}. I do not know just when school opens & how soon you have to have this but I judge it will be in time. You failed to note that I asked the dates of your vacation - so [you] did not tell me.

I hope you have had a fine Christmas. Am eager to hear of your trip experiences.

We had a fine Christmas - we have been in Oakland ever since and came over here yesterday to be here today to attend to matters in connection with sale of the corner house and lot. I am selling it with the barn for $8,400, less than I wanted but under Mr. Lancel's advice sold when offered that rather than keep it - possibly for years - waiting a higher offer.

I am very busy this morning so this is all.

Lots of love from all of us,

Lovingly,

Father

We expect to get off for Korea about January 28th. Write <u>often</u> this month.

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

San Rafael, California February 3, 1923 Samuel Austin Moffett

Dear Jamie:

This should reach you a day before we sail - as we go on the 8th.

I have been somewhat concerned over not hearing from you - for your last postal said you were going to the hospital on account of a cold in the head. I hope it proved to be nothing serious but I have been eagerly awaiting some word.

This week I came down to Los Angeles again stopping, going and coming, at Santa Barbara with Howard and Susie [his older brother and older sister]. Had a fine visit again. I saw Mrs. Burnham [the lady who served as homemaker for the Moffetts in Pyengyang after Alice died] and Aunt Mattie and attended to some business with Dr. Adams for which I went.

We are sending you today three photos - select two for yourself and send the third to "Bruce and Sam Moffett", Madison, Indiana [two sons of S.A.M.'s older brother, Rob]. You can send them in the same envelope, pasting their address over yours and put on a new stamp. You will notice that one is unmounted. That you can place in a frame which mother will send you. I am sure you will keep that one - so send to Madison whichever of the others you wish.

I hope we shall hear before we leave. Send letters after this to Pyengyang.

We have had good times together these two years and rejoice in them. We will be farther away and yet letters can go in three weeks about.

The Lord bless you and keep you, my boy. You are daily in our prayers.

I expect to send three boxes of books on to you at Wooster, asking someone there to store them for you until next fall.

Keep in touch with your Uncle Howard and plan your summer vacation in conference with him.

Lots of love from all of us,

Lovingly,

Father

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Pyengyang, Korea February 9, 1923 Adaline S. Ashe

Dr. [A.J.] Brown
156 Fifth Avenue
New York, N.Y.

Dear Dr. Brown,

You of course have heard by cable of the danger of closing Soong Sil Academy for lack of funds. There is much difference of opinion as to the wisdom of having schools both here and in Seoul, but God forbid that the schools here be done away. This is a large city, and the majority of the students who are in Academy and College here could not afford to go to Seoul. Surely there is help enough somewhere for both and all. The hope of Korea is in the education of its young people, of course you well know. I have "shot an arrow into the air" hoping that it will reach the heart of a friend. I have written to John Timothy Stone of Chicago, asking him to use his influence among his friends with the hope that someone will send Soong Sil Academy two thousand dollars, through you.

Should he write you concerning it, it will be because he thinks it possible. Please throw all the light you can on the question and accept the gift for the school if it comes.

If you could see these bright handsome young chaps so full of promise, your heart would ache for them too, and for their school. If the Academy must close, the college will close soon also as its students are of course from the Academy.

I am happy to know of your recovery and return to your office.

Sincerely,

Adaline S. Ashe

(from the microfilm records, Board of Foreign Missions, Presbyterian Historical Society, Philadelphia, Reel #4, Series II, Record Group 140-3-25, letter #1)

Pyengyang, Korea March 30, 1923 Samuel A. Moffett

Dear Jamie:

I have been so overwhelmed with work of all kinds since arriving here on your birthday that I have had no time for letters to anybody. We are in the old home again - which at first seemed very queer and rather dilapidated but now seems quite natural. We walk around the yard looking for violets and birds and talking over the question of cutting out this tree or that bush - just as we used to. Our apple trees have been struck with a black disease of some sort and many are dead or cut out and others are pretty badly crippled. Mr. Lutz is working on them trying to save some. It certainly was good to get hold of Charles again. How he has grown! And how glad he was to see us! It was a pretty hard year for him.

I keep wondering why we hear nothing from you and while I try not to worry, it is far from satisfactory to be left in ignorance, especially when the last news you sent us in America was that you were going to the hospital. Two full months without a word from you or about you.

We are hoping we can get up a party to go up the river this summer instead of to Sorai but we are not sure of it yet. It is more of a rest than Sorai [beach] and I should like to have Sam and Howard get the river experiences.

I want you to keep in mind the fact that in San Rafael there are 3 boxes of books which I want you to have shipped to you when you get your room at Wooster and in Oakland there are 5 boxes of books which you will want some day. For the three boxes you can write to Mr. Ned Roberts, 614 Fifth Avenue. The five boxes will stay in Oakland if Mrs. Webb remains in the house at McClure Street which mother sold just before leaving. If she leaves that house the books will be sent over to San Rafael. Also in the closet upstairs in San Rafael next to the bathroom are portraits, pictures, a lot of household things - vases - silverware and other things which you and Charles are to have some day when you want them. Just remember that they are there.

If you have not written sometime within the last two weeks before this reaches you, please sit down at once and send me a few words as to your welfare and work. How are you coming out for graduation? Will you be able to finish in June and have a vacation before the graduation exercises in July? What about the college certificate examinations?

Write me more fully, my boy. You do not know what a disappointment it is to hear so infrequently from you.

All are well here. Charles graduates into High School June 14. His scarlet fever and after effects put him back some but he seems to be making it all right now. He has become interested in stamps again and Sam has the stamp fever to a great degree.

Enclosed are some Siamese stamps which you may or may not have. Keep them for traders if you have them already.

It was a great satisfaction to me to have Charles take his stand and be received into the Communion of the Church the second Sunday after we arrived. He had thought it all out and reached his decision before we came and we were all so delighted that we got here in time for the service. He and Allen Clark and two girls from the Methodist families were all received.

Please thank the Korean, Choi, for Christmas greetings he sent me.

With love from all of us,

Lovingly,

Father

Samuel A. Moffett
Pyengyang, Korea

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

THE UNION CHRISTIAN COLLEGE

Office of the President

Pyengyang, Korea

Cooperating Missions

Northern Presbyterian
Southern Presbyterian
Australian Presbyterian
Canadian Presbyterian

Rev. A.J. Brown
156 5th Avenue
New York City

April 28, 1923

Samuel Austin Moffett

Dear Dr. Brown:

I have been asked to write the Station letter for April and I do so realizing somewhat that during my long absence from the field conditions have changed very much, indeed.

Upon my return I am tremendously impressed with the very large development of the work, the marked advances made in certain respects and the increased complexity of many of the problems due to the changed conditions politically, industrially, socially and religiously.

The new generation of Koreans differs so greatly from the past generation. It is restless, ambitious, impatient, less self-controlled, more inclined to lawlessness and more likely to be shaken by every wind of doctrine or thought. The Church is the one great hope of the people - and the great steadying influence - and our Christian people, while not uninfluenced by new conditions, are nevertheless in the main steady and true to faith and principle.

Our student class is ambitious, eager for things on a larger

[page 2 missing]

were subjected to disabilities and discriminations but the steady refusal to give up our rights has now been rewarded and the moral and spiritual effect upon the Church and the body of students is decidedly for their strengthening.

We have opened the new school year with 130 students in the College - over 600 in the Academy, 170 in the Woman's Academy and 120 in the Theological Seminary for this term. The year's enrolment will exceed these figures but with these we have our hands full and the opportunities to train leaders are practically unlimited.

As you know, we need better equipment and more money for running expenses. I will not weary you with a recital of our needs but will only trust you to keep up your efforts to meet these needs while our opportunity is so great.

We rejoice in the fine new building for the Theological Seminary and the new building - (recitation) - for the Woman's Academy and we continue to pray for a Science Hall for the College, a dormitory for the Academy and a building for the Hospital.

Our churches are growing - new churches and chapels springing up here and there rejoicing our hearts, while disappointments of one kind and another - troubles in certain churches and schools - and difficult problems are numerous enough to make us realize that we need more than man's wisdom and ability to meet the needs of the Korean Church.

Our West Gate Church in its new building has a congregation every Sunday of over 1500 & crowded to the doors after ruling out the Academy students for lack of room - so that they [have] a separate service. Three chapels in the city and three in nearby villages have grown from the work of this church and one of these is now a separate church of three hundred people.

We certainly are profoundly affecting this people but to conserve the spiritual character and interest of the work we do greatly need more evangelistic workers and more equipment for our training institutions.

As I come back to my own work I realize what very great burdens have been borne by Mr. Roberts in the Seminary, Mr. Mowry in the College and Dr. Blair in the whole evangelistic work of Station and Mission. What a fine lot of men we have in this work, and how greatly they have been blessed in it!

There is so much we might write but the work pushes us so that all we can do is to give you a brief sketch now and then to keep you partially informed at least of some of the conditions.

With kindest regards from the whole Station,

Very Sincerely,

Samuel A. Moffett

(original in the collections of the Presbyterian Historical Society of Philadelphia)

Pyengyang, Korea June 13, 1923 Samuel A. Moffett

Dear Jamie:

Your good letter has been most welcome only I have been so very busy that I haven't replied. One of yours - the one of March 10 came in 17 days - a record time. The one by Seattle took considerably longer. The first one must have come by aeroplane to San Francisco as I think.

Charles is quite happy over his 15th birthday celebrated yesterday. Your book came just on time arriving yesterday morning as did Mrs. Burnham's letter - coming in on the evening mail. Well timed! Charles graduates from 8th grade tomorrow. He is class Prophet. Is doing better in his school work, though not a marvel yet by a good long way.

Wish you could be here now. The garden is beautiful and how we do enjoy it. Think we shall go up the river this summer and wish you could be with us.

Now about college. If you have taken college entrance exams and passed and can enter freshman at Princeton and want to do so I think I am ready to say all right. The Hunts and Roberts' will be at Princeton this year and Bruce enters -------- there, I understand.

However, if you have not taken exam I do not suppose you can enter there. Talk it over with Mr. Yaeger & Dr. Cutler if you want to. If you do not care to enter Princeton - or cannot - then go ahead with the plan for Wooster. At Wooster I hope you can arrange a satisfactory boarding place. Do whatever you think best about that place - whether you go into one the missionary .....or elsewhere. One thing make absolutely sure of before you leave Mt. Hermon - that is that you pay all bills and leave absolutely nothing due to anybody.

I cannot write much just now as duties call - but goodbye, a great deal of love from us all and every good wish for a fine .....

Lovingly,

Father

This letter was very hard to read and transcribe as it was damaged in a basement flood at the S.H. Moffett home in Princeton, New Jersey in late September, 1999.

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Pyeng Yang, Korea August 15, 1923 Charles Hull Moffett

Dear Jamie:- [older brother of 15-year-old Charles]

We are up the river having a glorious time, but I wish you were here to help me to enjoy it, also to help me share the sorrow of learning the catechism.

We left Pyeng Yang on the sixteenth of July. We went up to the first sand beach and got caught in the flood, but I wasn't there. I had gone to Pyeng Yang.

In Pyeng Yang the flood was something terrible. On main street it was shoulder deep and houses washed away. The [Potong] river flooded its banks and flooded the plain and went clear out to the hills at the farm, and flooded over the big road going out to Keejas [tomb]. What they experienced on the boat! The water came through into the inlet putting the boat, tied to a big tree, on an island. The water rose and covered the tree and put them four feet above the tree in the center of the river There were only two dangers: if the rope should break – or the tree should pull loose, because then they would have gone crashing into the new bridge.

While they were on the boat Li Sickie caught two tōks [large clay pots] and a pig which the boatmen ate. After the flood we started up and [are] having grand fun, especially watching Sammy and Howard. We are tied up just at the foot of the tiger rapids waiting for the water to go down a little and the wind to stop so we can go [on] up.

I am going in from Mendalson to Pyeng Yang by train to get some money. Miss Coutts gave me her camera to take pictures of places up the river and I will get a print of each for myself so I can send them to you.

Miss Doriss is building her new house just below the guest house which of course takes out part of our yard. Will write again but am in a hurry.

Lovingly,

Charles Moffett

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Houseboat on Taidong River August 16, 1923 Samuel Austin Moffett

Dear Jamie:

Wish you were here to help celebrate Howard's birthday today. He is to get 6 swims - one for each year. Of course we are having a great time again up the river although there have been high waters. Charles has just gone by in the strong currents just below Tiger Rapids where with ten other boats we are tied up waiting for waters to go down enough so we can get up the rapids. It is long since I have written you and long since I have heard. Charles has just gone by again having gone up and plunged in again above us. He swims splendidly now. Sam and Howard are trying to learn.

Am eager to hear about your examinations and the Graduation exercises, about your plans for college and your summer doings. Wish you would learn to write more frequently. There is so much I want to know about you.

Mother's station letter - copy herewith - will tell you much of things here and Charles is writing you. Uncle Howard has probably told you of the sale of the Red House in San Rafael, netting $7,500. That leaves us only the middle house - the one you have lived in - and I think we shall keep that at least for some years.

Do you remember Lucia's step-mother who lived in Oakland? She must have been nearly 90 years old. She passed away July 4th.

Let me know if the Church letter reached you and whether you were received into the Church at Madison and the circumstances. I shall be eager to hear of your first impressions at Wooster. Think after all I should be better satisfied with Wooster than with Princeton. Where will you plan to spend your Christmas vacation? Wonder if you would like to spend a week in Princeton with the Hunts - see Bruce, and also the Roberts children who will be there. If so, write Mrs. Hunt and ask her if it would be convenient for them to take care of you for a while. I spoke to her about it.

What about your clothes? Be sure to keep yourself supplied so that you dress nicely and neatly. At Wooster you must not dress as carelessly as did the boys at Mt. Hermon.

Love from all of us – all waiting to hear from you.

Lovingly,

Father

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Pyengyang, Korea September 1, 1923 S.A.Moffett

Dear Jamie: [his oldest son, James McKee Moffett]

A letter from Uncle Howard tells me you worked on a farm for a month this summer and that they were expecting you in a few days at Madison. Was glad to get some news of you even though it came in an indirect way. Why you do not write I am sure I do not know. We have all summer wished you were with us up the river and have been longing for a letter from you. We had a great time and both Sam and Howard learned to swim. Charles swam across the river at Kang Chin three times and back again and up to the starting point - all told more than half a mile. Wonder if he can not beat you!

We came in yesterday and now settle down to the hardest kind of work and will have little time for letters.

After all I am hoping to hear soon that you are enrolled at Wooster and find it pleasant and satisfactory. One thing remember - you must be far more careful about your appearance and your clothes and shoes than at Mt. Hermon.

This is all just now. Every good wish for all good things.

Lovingly,

Father

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Yokohama, Japan September 1, 1923 Blanche I. Stevens

EARTHQUAKE AND FIRE AT YOKOHAMA, JAPAN, SEPTEMBER 1ST, 1923
WITNESSED BY MISS BLANCHE STEVENS FROM THE *S.S. EMPRESS OF AUSTRALIA*
(What one Presbyterian missionary to Korea witnessed while leaving for a furlough year)

The Canadian *S.S. Empress of Australia* arrived at the pier in Yokohama harbor in the early morning of August 31st. All day and night and until nearly noon the next day the great cranes swung to and fro loading cargo. What will probably prove to be the last cargo of silk to be shipped from Yokohama went into our holds consigned to New York. Passengers went ashore and returned laden with purchases and accompanied with friends. Others joined us for the voyage across the sea. Amidst all the excitement of departure of a great ocean liner, the gong sounded for the visitors to leave the ship and a gay crowd streamed down the gangway and stood on the pier below shouting last greetings showering confetti and holding gay paper ribbon streamers in their hands. The gangway was lowered and the ship began to swing away from the dock and the captain was just on the point of giving the order to loose the last of the cables at one-half minute to twelve when suddenly a series of blows on the bottom of our ship set us bobbing like an egg-shell. The mass of people below us began falling about in the wildest confusion, clutching at each other and screaming frightfully. The solid concrete pier which had cost millions of dollars and five years to build was moving like the waves of the sea, with great cracks opening in it and the warehouses extending down its middle falling to pieces with terrible crashing of breaking glass. One of them sank in the water to the roof. We looked toward the shore and saw the part of the pier between us and the city sunken into the water and communication cut off.

Most of the passengers were gathered upon the deck looking upon the scene of destruction with drawn faces but without panic. The words, "A terrible earthquake!" and "The whole of Yokohama is gone!" passed from one to another. Officers and others were below helping those from the pier to board the ship. Many were struggling in the water. Some were drowned - no one knows how many.

A tremendous wind which accompanied the earthquake had filled the air with dust and obscured the view of the falling buildings. Dimly through it we could see the gaunt outlines of some of the big brick structures near the pier, still standing. Within a few minutes the city was ablaze. One after another of these structures outlined against the lurid sky began to glow with a heart of fire. The gale fanned the flames and carried burning timbers and other loosed material far out to sea, setting fire to the shipping in the harbor and endangering all the ships anchored there. They scarcely dared move, however, for fear of running into one another or running aground. In our rear one boat did attempt to escape and in doing so caught the anchor of the *Steel Navigator*, an American freighter, dragging her from her moorings and dropping her anchor over our left propeller, rendering us helpless for the time being. Fire broke out on the dock beside us and burning lighters came floating against us, threatening us with annihilation by explosion. The Chinese stood at their posts covering the ship with a sheet of water from our hose and putting out the fires on the lighters. They could not reach the warehouses where the flames smoldered in the roofs, eating their way into the stores of raw silk, already heated by the extremely hot weather and ready to burn like timber.

The scenes of that lurid afternoon, a whole city in flames, the murky pall of smoke through which the sun glowed a dim and awful red, the hot wind sweeping burning embers across our decks, the quiver of repeated earthquake shocks, the roar of explosions in the city, a

sheet of corrugated iron torn from a roof by one of these terrific explosions and thrown high into the sky, coming right down beside us and cutting into the sea, the stories of the panic-stricken refugees who had escaped to us after the first shock, as they stood and watched all they had in the world being destroyed, the thought of the thousands of lives being sacrificed in the holocaust, are impressions burned forever into the memories of all who beheld this most awful catastrophe. And all the while the shadow of death hung over us in our comparative safety, for our ship is an oil burner and, utterly unable to escape, we were in imminent danger of explosion. We realized then and we have realized more fully since, as we have been told bit by bit of the grave dangers which we, as passengers, could not know as our officers did, that we were facing death for fully thirty-six hours. Our salvation was a succession of miracles.

Toward evening our boats were able to put off to shore and began bringing in crowds of refugees from the city who had made their way to a strip of reclaimed land which had stood the shock. Such pitiful wrecks of humanity of all nationalities, wounded, burned, clothes torn to rags, eyes inflamed with the smoke, hair matted with plaster and earth, faces and bodies so black one could not be sure what the original complexion might have been, dazed and broken, sobbing out their stories of loss of loved ones, and of all they possessed in this world. Fortunately our accommodations were for the most part available, the passenger list being small, and as fast as wounds were dressed, eyes treated, and clothing provided, they were assigned to cabins and taken care of by willing hands. Passengers contributed from their own wardrobes, and in some cases brought out beautiful silk garments being taken home as gifts. Those who were fitted for the task assisted the nurses and doctors working under the direction of the ships doctor who had upon his shoulders the responsibility for hundreds of seriously injured and many hundred more less serious cases. It is estimated that about three thousand refugees passed through this ship and practically all of those coming in that first night required at least eye treatment at once.

One young American woman only a year in Japan, fell with her three weeks old babe from the third floor of her hotel, badly injuring her arm and leg. Her young husband hurried from the business district, passing heart breaking appeals for help from people pinned beneath buildings on the way, and arriving in time to dig her out before the fire destroyed the wreck. He carried her over incredible obstacles all that afternoon, fleeing from the fire and at last the reclaimed land in time to be brought aboard the *Australia* that night. Her wounds were dressed and a cabin secured for the little family. At last the wee babe claimed attention. The parents had thought they had brought it unhurt through the perils of the burning city but when it was undressed it was found to have been burned by hot cinders which had fallen into its flimsy clothing. Bathed and dressed in a *singlet* offered by a kindhearted passenger, it was restored to its mother's arms.

Up in the first class saloon, two ladies gave their cabin as headquarters for supplies and soon the work of supplying clothing was organized and needs looked after in a systematic manner. Some of us slept after midnight from sheer exhaustion, with the light from the fires on the dock glaring into our portholes.

Next morning a new peril threatened us. Those out early upon the deck saw on the surface of the water in front of the bund where the Standard Oil building had been, a great pool of fuel oil which had flowed out from subterranean storage tanks, sending up great columns of black smoke. The oil was flowing out all over the harbor and soon filmed the water in dangerous quantities about our ship. Gradually it dawned upon us that when the burning oil

reached the pier it would move out towards us and surround us with that fierce flame. And we were standing still! The freighter which was entangled with our propeller could move but we could not. The chain was cut at last leaving the anchor and a length of iron cable dragging upon our propeller. Then she helped to pull us back a little way along the pier. Almost immediately the smoldering stores of silk burst into roaring flame. The burning pool of oil was moving nearer. Could we possibly be saved? Our officers would do it if it could be done. At last we began to move very slowly toward the breakwater dragging the cable after us. Our ship draws thirty feet, ten more than any other in the harbor at that time. One twenty feet had gone out just ahead of us. Could we make it? A Japanese tub got right in our path and refused to move. The oil was all about us, and a big lake of it burning like an inferno right where we had stood but an hour before. The sharp command came to stop all smoking. We watched the oil flowing around us. The hose was turned upon it in an effort to mix it with the seawater. At last we swung around the Japanese tub, and with only one propeller and the wheel, moved inch by inch it seemed to the anxious crowd on deck, into position, and slowly out through the breakwater piers. Oh, such a relief when we were safe outside and the oil, while still filming the water, not concentrated enough to mean immediate danger. Just out, and then we hung there. Someone said we had stuck in the mud! Other ships gathered near us and more oil came out through the breakwater until again that night there was a time of danger when fire began to follow the breakwater out in our direction. Again we moved well out into the outer bay and anchored in safety about midnight, thirty-six hours after the first shock of the earthquake.

All day Sunday the rescue work continued, many boarding us from small launches coming from all directions along the shore. On Monday the *President Jefferson* from Kobe and the *Empress of Canada* from Vancouver arrived and each took a full cargo of refugees, including many wounded to Kobe, where relief work was being organized. A large number from this ship went with them. Others of the Japanese were transferred to Japanese ships in the harbor, which finally, about three days late, waked up and began receiving their own nationals. Only one of our refugees died, a Japanese woman who expired almost as soon as she came aboard. One baby was born here, and one of our passenger doctors was called to the *Steel Navigator* to attend a birth there. A Captain Swain, a very old man who came aboard with both legs broken was attended here and sent on to Kobe. The sea was rough at the time the transfer was made and his legs were broken again. Our ship's doctor was greatly distressed to learn upon reaching Kobe, that he died soon after being placed in the hospital there.

On Monday the British Consul established an office aboard. The American consul at Yokohama was among those who perished, but soon after the American destroyer arrived, an American committee was organized and a consular officer from somewhere took charge, attending to the needs of American citizens and undertaking to get out cablegrams to the families of those who had passed through the catastrophe. The *S.S. Australia* was commandeered by the British Government for emergency hospital service and held in the harbor until the evening of September the 8th when other ships took over the responsibility and we were released to take our cargo of refugees to Kobe. The presence of such a ship as this and service which it was able to render doubtless saved many lives and gave comparative comfort and a chance to get in touch with friends to the thousands who were accommodated here.

The first warship of any foreign power to reach the scene of the disaster was an American destroyer from Dairen, which arrived on Monday. Early Tuesday the British Cruiser, *Despatch*, arrived and that night or the next morning five American destroyers from

Manilla [came]. The arrival of help may have been delayed by the strict censorship established by the Japanese authorities as soon as the disaster occurred. A good deal of irritation was felt by the western foreigners, at any rate, at not being allowed to send out wireless messages from the harbor.

Parties from this ship went ashore for rescue work and brought back gruesome tales of the conditions there. The great numbers of dead strewn about and the utter destruction of property was inevitable, but the looting and insanity of the mob which roamed about in search of Koreans, Chinese and other aliens, killing them upon the pretense that they had brought about the disaster and were poisoning wells and doing other impossible things, added a horror which far exceeded that of the natural catastrophe. Food was scarce and unfortunately liquor was to be had from warehouses along the waterfront. All sorts of wild rumors of a Bolshevist uprising, etc. were rife, but even yet it is impossible for us to know accurately just what did happen. The one thing which seems established beyond doubt by numbers of eyewitnesses is that a mad frenzy against the Koreans made the life of all, either Korean or Japanese who in any way resembled a Korean, unsafe. One family who came aboard were proceeding through the streets with their Japanese manservant who carried their little child upon his back, when the mob demanded the man, declaring that he was a Korean in disguise. Only the emphatic testimony of his mistress who could speak Japanese, that he was her own Japanese servant saved his life.

When we arrived in Kobe on September 9th we found ourselves in quite another atmosphere. Relief work was efficiently organized and in charge of people whose nerves had not been subjected to the strain of passing through the disaster. Great crowds of homeless roamed about the streets near the water front. Booths were supplying their needs in the way of food. An emergency hospital had been established in the ball room of the *Oriental Hotel* and relief committees were established on the first floor near the entrance, who registered the rescued as they came in, supplied clothing and secured accommodations for them, and received contributions from those who were able to help with money or supplies. This was headquarters for western foreigners. Similar work for Japanese was being done elsewhere. We heard of happy reunions of parents and children, husbands and wives, of those whom we had known aboard, as well as sad confirmation of the worst for others.

On September 11th we sailed again for Yokohama, leaving most of those in whom we had become so deeply interested in efficient hands, bringing with us a few who were bound for the homelands of the U.S.A. and Canada, and whose needs kept us busy during the rest of the voyage with sewing, knitting, etc. As we drew near the ruined city again on the afternoon of September 12th to secure our supply of fuel oil for the voyage across the Pacific we saw the smoke from many fires still smoldering, warships still on guard, and a few passenger ships for the accommodation of
those who were remaining to do what they could to salvage something of their business. That evening we left, 15 days behind our schedule, for Vancouver.

Blanche I. Stevens

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Pyengyang, Korea October 20, 1923 Sammie H. and Lucia F. Moffett

dear jmmie,

winter is comeing most of the birds are gone the leavsare falling some of the trees are bear thechestnuts have gonewe have some pigeons they are black and white bobby islivingat our house this week bobby has a baby His name isRichard AlexanderHamilton. We have not seen him I am taking music lessons Howard is going toMiss Foote and I amgoing to missis Soltau. Ledyard DeCamp is going to Mt. Hermon next year and the Pieters boys are going to Mercersberg We often wish that you were hereMy love samuel

P.S. Reiners have a new baby it is only six months old There are 24 children in our room I am going to music lessons I like to play on the peano Charles is in high school I am in second grade I like school halloween is coming we have seven or eight punkens I am seven years old

we have a lot of apples in the celler I like to read the literary digest Oliver is living at our house I like him he is a nice boy

I like David to he is in second grade to I have 13 hundreds in my note book

I have a garden of my own the flours have gone it is geting cold now we have a lot of books.

Dear Jamie,

Sammie did this over but the corrected copy had some hard usage and you will probably like this better anyway.

Your father wants you to look up a lawyer (or perhaps he is a real estate man) in Wooster by the name of James Quinby.. His grandmother was your grandfather Moffett's sister and Bowman St. on which you live was probably named for your great uncle, one of the early residents of Wooster.

I am more than sorry that we are sending you so little from here this Christmas. Your father has not even had time to go to town for a haircut since we got home from the river and the floods caused such losses among the people that he has loaned to the very limit of his resources here in Korea so that families might have shelter and enough to start in again with. He has had to carry the college, too.

Most of the Christmas things will have to be of American make. Besides that the Girls School has not been running so we could not get the little things they make.

Charles has his ups and downs in school as usual but football is all "up" to judge from his enthusiasm. His clothes tell another story.

Here is a bit of conversation: Howard (scoffingly): "David likes somebody better than himself!!!" Samlet: "Well, he ought to." Howard: "Oh, that isn't true, is it mamma. I never knew that before so I always liked myself best!"

The community is so large it seemed impossible to have a common Thanksgiving dinner but the Methodist ladies decided to try it in their big house. With the dormitory children there will be over one hundred. There are seventy adults.

At the next musicale Charles, Reuben [Pieters], and Richard [Pieters] are to sing a trio. We are most fortunate to have such teachers of both vocal and instrumental music. I wish it might have been so in your day.

Good bye now with love from all of us. Your little parcel is going to Wooster but Samsies efforts have taken so long I believe this had better go to Madison. Give our love to the group there. I am so glad they are more than names to me now.

With love and a Merry Christmas to you –

Mother

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

THE
CHOSEN HOTEL,
KEIJO (SEOUL), CHOSEN
UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF
The South Manchuria Railway Co.

Seoul, Korea December 5, 1923 Samuel A. Moffett

Dear Jamie:

[I] am in Seoul for a few days before Executive Committee meeting which I now have to attend - and am taking 3 days off here in this hotel as a sort of vacation - while attending to a number of business matters. [I] signed documents today and sent them on to San Rafael for the sale of the Red House there. That leaves us now the middle house only and I do not think we will sell that for some time yet. It is now rented furnished for $65 a month - pretty low rent but better than having it lie idle.

Grandfather Fish's portrait - the large one - has been sent over to the Seminary in San Anselmo for safe keeping. I suppose some day that ought to go to Charles since he has his grandfather's name.

I had a cablegram a few days ago announcing the death of your great uncle whom you never knew, the only remaining brother of your grandmother Fish. He was 74 years old and died in Oakland.

I am enclosing the menu in this hotel for the evening's dinner. Show the picture to the folks at home and let them know what the "finest hotel in the Orient" looks like. It beats that fine hotel in Santa Barbara where you and I took breakfast on the way to Carpinteria. A couple of days here won't break me and it does give a little period of rest and freedom from seeing a lot of people I know.

Wish I could be with you in Madison for Christmas. Hope you have a real good time as I am sure you will.

All well when I left home yesterday. It was getting pretty cold in P[yeng] Y[ang] and the boys there were skating.

Love to you all in Madison and a good year for you at Wooster. Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

from

Father

KEEP THE STAMP

Evening dinner menu for the Chosen Hotel enclosed in letter
(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)